

PENANG 3

In a vain search of God's almost forgiven Archangel Uriel



Emil

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“IT’S ALWAYS DARKEST BEFORE THE DAWN...”

David Crosby sang that way back in 1969 (at Woodstock) when Emil and I stood along with what did seem to be a vast majority all of the collected human tribes. Each soul stood holding their cigarette lighters ablaze (no cell phones in those days) to light the night as David sang to each of our souls on that rainy night. We stood proud and the moment is still etched into my few recallable memories of that era and then, the theater's usher came over and asked us to sit down and put out our lighters as the Fire Marshal frowned on two middle-aged “Hippies” setting the movie house on fire...

He did say “Please and Thank You!” and to which Emil took much offence and yet another long story boils down to a sad tale of yet another long night in the Ocala City Drunk Tank. Reading thru this book reminded of that very moment just as our legal beagles thrashed yet another 60-or-so pages of Emil “Speaking to Truth!” OH MY! The more we change the less we all seem to notice (and care?)! Sorry Emil!

- SEINE





“IT’S ALWAYS DARKEST BEFORE THE DAWN...”

EDITOR NOTE 1: We have received here (at WWWG) an unprecedented level of hate mail in support of Emil and since this is an extremely rare occurrence, I am going to include the opening page from Emil's last (banished) work and hopefully, you will then see us not as some evil corporate plantation who keeps Emil in economic bondage but as we truly are...the adults in the room who must use common business sense in our effort(s) to remain in business regardless of Emil's best attempted to ruin our company with third-party lawsuits and boycotts.

EDITOR NOTE 2: Please allow me to clarify when I spoke to "an unprecedented level..." What I failed to mention was the actual volume and number of complaints - which actually numbered (at last count) three or four angry threats of boycott and (according to our local IP Guru) all seemed to be originating on the Island of Penang. Seems rather odd and what would be the chance that there were three people in Penang who were such big Emil Fans that they would vocally





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approach our "censorship" of Emil's opinions other than maybe his landlord and his local bookie.

What say you Emil?

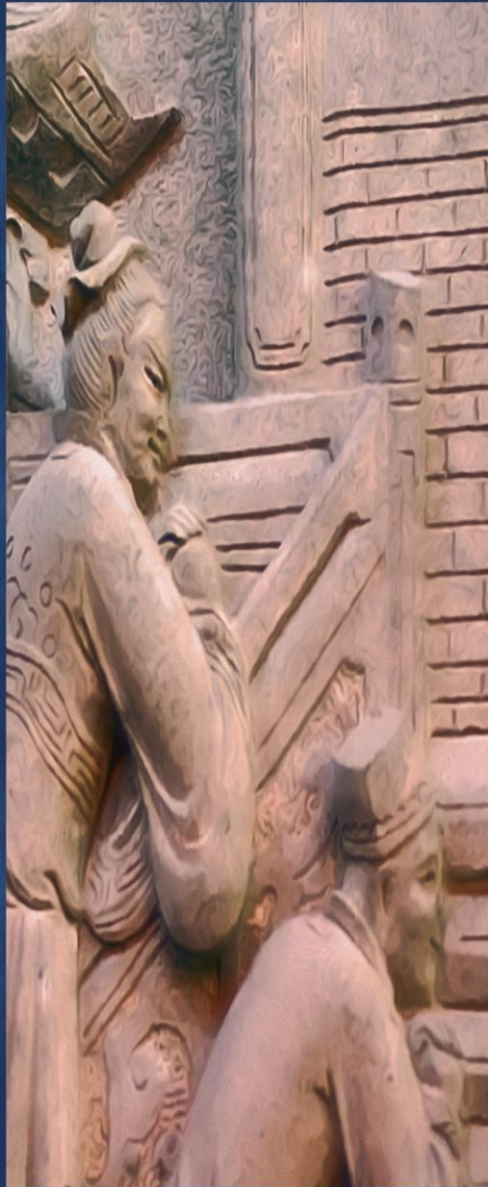
EMIL WROTE:

Here at the epoch of this brave new age...at the dawn of what my WOOKIE Friends gleefully call the "Great Social Reset" I went seeking the lost, the neglected helper of humankind and most often forgotten of God's Archangels...the Archangel Uriel and join my righteous crusade to convince him to come out of retirement to once again lead us away from the darkness of the Merchants of Untruth and back to that bright, shinny hill that once overlooked the world's greatest harbor of FREEDOM.

Yes Campers!

If you are more than a casual reader of my vain efforts to speak to the truth of this new age's many lies, misnomers and outright urban legends presented by





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our numerous tech overlords as being as honest as the day is long on Christmas Morning then you will understand my Grail Search for the one who could help us reset polite society back to our old social norms of "Nothing but the facts, Jack!"

In olden times, Archangel Uriel stood guard and offered kind assistance to all those who found themselves like Moses..."A Stranger in a Strange Land" and was there to comfort all who cried out "truths" from out of the wilderness and allowed them to overcome the resentment and (sometimes) the deep bitterness that no one on the train with no brakes cared to listen that the bridge was indeed not in Master Pappy Buyhim's "Build Back China Better" Program and that the end-of-the-line was indeed a bridge to nowhere regardless of what his boy "DeHunter" told him as they swam naked in front of that cute gal from the SS...(showcasing their true JFK understanding of Family Values).

OH MY! I hijacked my own Telex and started down that path of "No Return" from what WWWG's Brave New





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Marketing Team's focus group (assembled from the cleaning crew from the second floor and assorted cousins of Mister Chuckey's socialist cadre of former CCP Accountants) resent for my desire to seek truth over the Brave New Age's exceptionally new social norm(s) over their "Get-a-long to get along!" mindset. My old auntie would have rolled her eyes at all this silliness while imploring me to consider "What would Jesus do?"

To which I have no answer as he doesn't pick up the phone and it goes directly to his voice mail every time I sought out his opinion as per my auntie's advise (go figure?) Worse still...the 1-900-Dail a Miracle Hotline only refers me (rudely) to their outstanding restraining order that they took out against me when I called them this morning on this pressing issue of seeking the Archangel Uriel...(like that was honestly years ago and like a bad joke but, still they haven't found it in the Christian Heart to forgive me any more than my little buddies in the Hong Kong Branch of the CCP Thought!





"IT'S ALWAYS DARKEST BEFORE THE DAWN..."

Police have)...I guess once branded a "Born again Pagan" is something that you can not easily walk away from regardless of the time involved?

OPPS!!! I did it again...like sorry Seine!

I have put forward a "Go Fund Me" site help with the expense(s) of this seeking out Archangel Uriel who has fallen on hard times or may simplify be retired and living of his Heavenly Social Security checks somewhere in Southern Florida like another of my favorite archangels, Phanuel.

OK Campers...No need to be nasty!

NO! This isn't a holiday scam and I do plan on using the remaining funds to hire Uriel a better marketing team - as I am cleanly aware of what a difference a good marketing team can mean for book sales and social ratings...WWWG's ragtag assembly of Business College Dropouts pretending to be marketing experts may even a step up from what it seemed that our dear brother Uriel had working for him, back in the day!

I don't think that I am exacerbating the true





"IT'S ALWAYS DARKEST BEFORE THE DAWN..."

importance of proper and effective marketing by my contentions that if Archangel Uriel had used a A-List, crack marketing team then I assume that he would be up there with Michael and Gabriel as the top polling Archangels just ask Phanuel and Raphael (even given that none of them were officially on the TWIT).

Back to my quest and why it is critical that we locate the Archangel Uriel for without him how can we overcome the power of the evil, the slimy Merchants of the Untruth who have sieged control of our nation's White Star Liner while we were preoccupied down in our cabins plotting out what sights we would see once we docked in New York? Who will awake the captain and warn him of the WOOKIE Iceberg approaching? Archangel Uriel's primary daily duty function was to (I assume) proactively guide humankind between good, evil while showing them the corruption of the world that leads to the utter "Mad Max" levels of conflict(s) that are like a burning Shack of Schiff on the doorstep. While I get it! I do that many of you might say that





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"had he been better at his job"...On some levels, I do agree that had he been here (on duty not AWOL); we would have never been conned to say 'Okkie-Dookie' to the mutinous mates that are currently steering our great cruise ship directly into the WOOKIE Iceberg of Discontent.

So...Campers...we need to track him down...and not accept that lie that CNN to us that he is on "sabbatical leave and is unable to respond to messages or take on new clients at this time" as I have been schooled by my Jesuit-inspired biblical understanding that

"True Thought becomes more prevalent and easier to process with Uriel nearby..."

Regardless of your opinion(s) of his previous stewardship...in this brave new age where lies are told as "nothing but" the truth and truth are lies...we need him more than Enoch ever dreamed that he did back in the day...

LIKE JUZ SAYING, DUDES!











IN SEARCH OF...ARCHANGEL URIEL, I ASSUME?

Let me start by saying that it is extremely hard to track down a missing person especially one that had come up missing over forty-thousand-some-years ago...like who do you think I am?

The CCP?

The CCP with all of their advanced biometric/DNA databases on craig super computers running specialty face recognition software specifically developed for them by some of the brighter minds down on the Googlie?

While they would (if they haven't already taken heed that I was searching and have stolen my thunder) no doubt be a light year ahead of my feeble, non-funded search through all the "Find Me" Free web searches for South Florida.

To this point, had Mister Chuckie's merry band for former CCP Accountant Thugs been so much to my





IN SEARCH OF...ARCHANGEL URIEL, I ASSUME?

distaste; I would be far ahead of my (so far) pitiful attempt as they (I admit) are highly skilled former skip tracers who the CCP did actually fire...to their credit, they would have been a very good analog research tool but, I have real problems with them after all...they have been the bunt instrument to my continued oppression over at the corporate plantation of the very antebellum WWWG - in fact, wasn't my efforts to locate and rehabilitate Archangel Uriel meant (REALLY) to deal with the likes of these Merchants of the Untruth?

And with that, I kindly declined the offered aid of these WWWG Scallywags even with the understanding that would and does cripple my ability to find the Archangel Uriel.

Operating on the assumption that his disappearance was not some part of a heavenly witness location program and that he voluntarily packed up in the middle of the night, leaving his mansion's key under the



IN SEARCH OF...ARCHANGEL URIEL, I ASSUME?

golden doormat and leaving without a forwarding address anywhere in this known universe (I don't even want to entertain the concept of a multi-universe search); you would think that there are only so many locations that a person could go even on a heavenly pension.

Then, one of my brighter readers reminded me that in humankind's cultural norms there is the concept of redemption where even former mass murderers, crooks and even bingo scammers turn away from their lives of crime in order to build the religious version of social credit scores by turning to the Godly Force of preaching redemption, forgiveness and mostly brotherly love to whatever assembled rabble of non-repentant roughnecks that they can muster up.

This is true as I have seen many serious war criminals and worse take to the cloth in order to have the Heavenly Record Keepers (at the Gate of Light) start





IN SEARCH OF...ARCHANGEL URIEL, I ASSUME?

whiting out and/or redacting entire pages of negative life ratings (sometime...in some cases...entire chapters not merely a couple of the verses) from the Book of Life.

What you mean?

What don't you get?

You have to stop all of this three-dimensional thinking and look at this from the presumption of the fourth-dimension!

Get it?

Let me put into a simpler format...

The scum of the earth seeks redemption and to get a good shot at the yearly immigration lottery for Heaven.

But...what if you were a person of virtue already?







IN SEARCH OF...ARCHANGEL URIEL, I ASSUME?

What if you got up tomorrow morning and decided to chuck it all like Bruce Gender?

While I am not saying that he is a blackjack pit boss at some expensive, illegal casino down on San Paulo's southside...

Then, again...He could be and by not considering the concept of reverse redemption; I could be missing him by even a continent or two.

I remember even King Farouk had to made a living collecting cans and bottles off the Beaches of the Rivera after his money ran out.

What am I saying?

I am not all that sure that I will find him in some nursing home in Southern Florida like I originally had imagined.

Who can say?





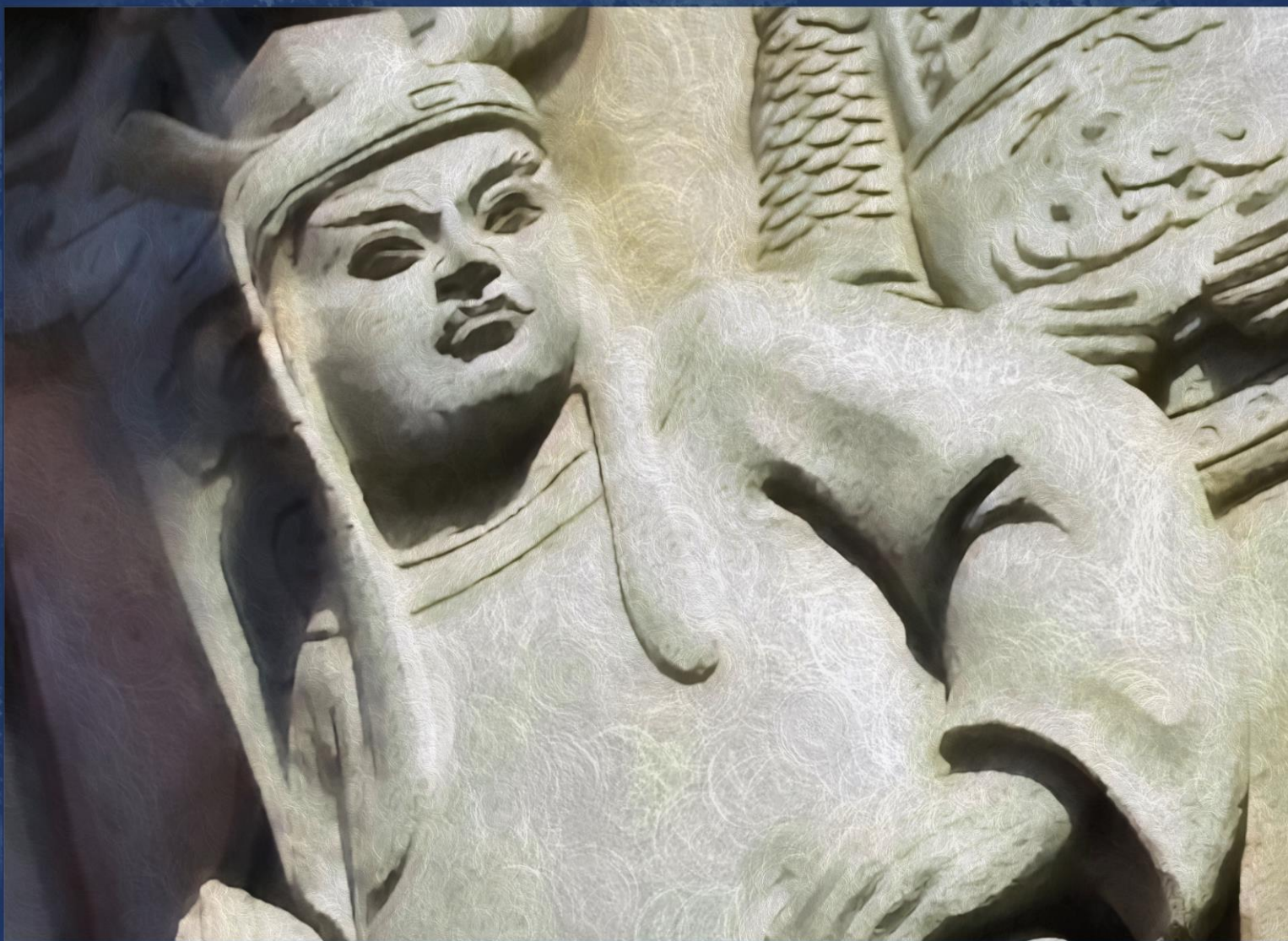
IN SEARCH OF...ARCHANGEL URIEL, I ASSUME?

No one has ever tried to think through this process and it becomes a mental minefield to try and read the heart-N-soul of a person and specifically, a non-human kind of fellow...and mostly, because I never hung out with him or even ordinary angels for that matter.

What I am finding is that he is a ghost and has had over a million-or-so-years to shadow himself away from anyone seeking to cash in on his insider's insight into the highest level(s) of Heaven's most political insider circles.

Is this the real reason why he made like a leaf and left?

Like...it's not that he wrote a tell-all or a kiss-N-tell best seller (at least not that I know of) so (at best) we must assume that he merely retired...I'm guessing as it seems that all requests that we filled under the freedom of Information statues were answered by a rather odd statement that:



IN SEARCH OF...ARCHANGEL URIEL, I ASSUME?

“All records related to Archangel Uriel have been sealed for the upcoming million years by the Secretary of the Heavenly Host (which is kind of a paramilitary, angelic organization that heavily supported God during the most critical years of the Heavenly Revolt) ...”

Strange?

After seeing the actual level of covering up, the level of stonewalling of what would seem simple information requests makes me truly worried if the Archangel is still walking amongst us and is not actually sharing a flat with Jimmy Hoffa over on the southside – if ya get my drift?

This overwhelming sense of uneasiness sent me back to re-read and browse back through all the officially approved records. On re-reading from what I thought was source material, it gave me pause to wonder why it seems that he had been all but erased from most (if not all) of the official history of Heaven's First Families.







IN SEARCH OF...ARCHANGEL URIEL, I ASSUME?

Given that I lived through an age when it was very acceptable for the victors to opening practice the creative rewriting and airbrushing important historical characters out of the final picture(s) that didn't support their tales both in the old Soviet Union but also, here at the Dawn of the Great Social Reset.

Grant it...I will give you that...the Soviet Era did create millions of well-paying employment opportunities for all of these Merchants of the Untruth minions and after the old Soviet's took a dive and then a belly flop into the dustbin of modern history; many of these millions of earnest hacks were never to recreate their previous economic, social or professional journalist statue ever again. Sad but, way too true!

Grant it...in this new age version of the old Soviet here at the Dawn of the Great New Social Reset for whom my dearest WOOKIE brethren spend the vast majority of their current time since the past election in gleefully



IN SEARCH OF...ARCHANGEL URIEL, I ASSUME?

composing new songs of praise from their safe zones (Mom's Basement) or spending long nights writing down their newest (bold) tales of WOOKIE Adventurism when they are not involved in their mandatory, peacefully looting and burning of all the old order had mortgaged/insured; there is a good chance (regardless of age) for some of the remaining Soviet Era-inspired journalists to once again dream a dream for a new all-electric, digital-enhanced...a like totally tubularly better economic windfall...

I actually heard one on the legacy media over at the CNNster bragging the other night that: "We are back, Baby!"

Given all that...I didn't expect Heaven to be so Humanlike in how they are attempting to write major players out of their collective history while Heaven's Administrative Cast defects the public with long hours of discussion on Heaven's version of NPR (minus Pledge





IN SEARCH OF...ARCHANGEL URIEL, I ASSUME?

Week...it didn't work very well there) dealing with what they consider to be critical issues of their time like "Should all dogs actually come to Heaven?"

Seems that this is a major question and a cause of conflict on the back streets of Heaven where the issue of dogs, dog poop and the notion that Illegal Aliens from Hell are now being brought in (on work release) to clean the streets under the assumption that no angel in Heaven should be that demeaned or reduced to the level of actually cleaning of all them streets of gold.

Nowhere is the Administration seen to take heed on the real questions that are on the minds of each of your average "Common Joe" Angel as to their true concern(s) about the (non-disclosed) new Heaven Yearly Operational Budget and how the rising price of gold is already affecting the repaving of many of the side streets in the suburbs of heaven nor will they ignore any of the occasional polite graffiti one might







IN SEARCH OF...ARCHANGEL URIEL, I ASSUME?

see powerfully scribbled in most of the downtown alleyways of Heaven's Business District.

I know that I seem way too obsessed over the daily dose of Heaven Chit-Chat but, it does all tie together and leaves (at least) me openingly wondering about the comingling of the interests of the unelected Heaven Admin types here in Heaven and the daily venues of Humankind and especially how they seem to making so much common cause with the minions of Humankind's Merchants of the Untruth.

Maybe...these vocal concern(s) give more justification with the true meaning of all the current restraining orders that states that I cannot get within 500 meters of the Heavenly Gates?

But to this point and when my unpaid legal beagle unsuccessfully tried to express my open contempt with how bluntly anti-human racism is so deeply institutionalized into all of Heaven's Legal System.





IN SEARCH OF...ARCHANGEL URIEL, I ASSUME?

“And your honor...If my human-like client violates this order; what are you gonna do? Send him to HELL? Seeing that HELL has (at this time) an even more restrictive order in place against my client...”

Well...let's just say that this did not go over very well with this rejection of his authority over a human and (they swear that I misheard) the judge mumbled something about:

“...In the old days, I would have just smited him right here and NOW!”

In this way, there is a mean spirit of over-the-top racism against the human kind which (I believe) dates far back to being a root cause to the actual Civil War in Heaven that they call “The Days of Insurrection” but it now apparent that a certain cliché here seems to have (indirectly?) benefited greatly from their open lines of communications with Humankind's WOOKIE Merchants of Untruths.





IN SEARCH OF...ARCHANGEL URIEL, I ASSUME?

My understanding of this was like totally reenforced to be true by the interesting side bar discussion between the Judge and my Heaven appointed defense lawyer at this hearing.

I am paraphrasing his thoughts as I was straining to listen but I clearly heard him say:

“This foolish Human would dare to have you taunt this court and says that we are powerless to enforce this judgement...How about I sentence him to several lifetimes as a guest host of the TV Program “The View” or better yet...to several lifetimes, surrounded by 100 virgins that are all clones of the host(s) Joy Behar or Whoopi?”

First off, I was not aware that “The View” was available on cable in Heaven and this made me ponder as to how this judge seemed so familiar with this program given his very clear epistemic anti-human racism.





IN SEARCH OF...ARCHANGEL URIEL, I ASSUME?

When the judge asked me through my legal beagle:

“What do you have to say NOW...HUMAN???”

My truthful and instant response was:

“Old Whoopi or Young Whoopi?”

Campers! There is a difference.

The Young Whoopi not only was a hot babe but she was way beyond funny! If you don't let your anti-human racism cloud your mind then you will clearly see that I speak to this truth...

I did take his threat about Joy much more serious as I could see no upside in that arrangement and I shut up for the rest of the trial except to thank the judge for his willingness to set aside his anti-human racism by not extended his restraining order to include the 8th deadly sin (Pizza).



IN SEARCH OF...ARCHANGEL URIEL, I ASSUME?

Many angels in Heaven do share this disfavor of Humankind and it bubbles a bit below the surface as there is the sticking point that God still has a fondness for Humankind much as Joey Buyhim has for his boy "DeHunter."

Why NOT?

We are his own creation and do have the redeeming grace in our development of the Hip-Hop Music that is so popular here in Heaven considering that all they had before was Classical Harp Music and where would your "Common Joe" Angels be without their I-Pods and I-Pads...

More human creations...

Thank you very much!









{Six months later in a dive bar just outside of Barstow}

If you had told me six months ago that I would be sitting in this working class bar for the local immigrant, farm workers and an occasional warehouse Leckie from Propak over in Apple Valley; waiting here to talk to a guy who knows a guy who dated some gal that might have been a barber at the local barber shop where they say Archangel Uriel use to come in (twice-a-year) for a trim and blow dry...had you have told me that...I would have politely suggested if you were gonna come over stoned then you should bring your stash to share or given that Barstow is home to a lot of old-time hollywooders and down on their luck extras and/or over-the-hill stuntmen...I would have thought that you were working on yet another bad rewrite of that movie script you have from back in the day that was based upon a lame re-telling of that old, C-Class Sci-Fi classic "I Came in Peace."

Six months of tracking one dead-ender sighting after







{Six months later in a dive bar just outside of Barstow}

yet another from TWIT Trash who seemed to have developed an evil, new drinking game revolving about how many times they could get my attention with yet another bogus Archangel Report where they claimed (with a straight face) to have seen the Archangel working the "Slurpee" Machine over at the local 7/11 last Sunday.

One of the strangest ones came from that former Vegas Show Girl from some pandemic-closed off-the-strip "Topless Girlie" Review who was claiming to not only know Uriel, where he was living but (strangest yet) that she was had his "Nephilim" baby back in Vegas and with some sense of pride (wonderment) that he a really big boy that "thank goodness they got him out at the Clark County Juvenile Detention Center (these Days) as with the virus lockdowns she couldn't afford to feed him...that boy eats a lot and gets kind of real cranky when he doesn't eat...that's mostly why they got over juvie...this time!"



{Six months later in a dive bar just outside of Barstow}

I mean this (on the surface) seems like stuff totally lifted right off the back pages of some supermarket tableau like the World Globe (the National Enquirer would have shot this tale down) next to their Brazilian Bat Boy Saga Serial.

Let's call her Jackie.

Jackie heard that I was looking and asked if there was a decent reward while asking "dead or live" OK?

Normally, I can quickly sort through these type(s) of stories mostly due to the lack of follow up details to support their claimed sighting. Most of the TWIT Trash never think that they need to go beyond the first 250-characters and by the third TWIT...they are repeating or reposting their previous TWITS.

Jackie was different in that she would not shut up and even stalked me on FaceyBookie with her rather extended play version of "Me and Mister Uriel."







{Six months later in a dive bar just outside of Barstow}

After several extended conversations that usually ended with me reminding her that restraining orders were nothing to disregard; I agreed to meet her first thing in the morning for a "Grand Slam" Breakfast at Denny's.

You could see that Jackie still had a trace of the once sweet, Midwest kid that didn't have enough bus money to reach LA when she left whatever little farming town where she was from and over the passing years, the reality of the cold-hearted hustlers and out-of-towner flakes that still pollute the Strip took their toll.

This was where she was when she first met him.

Seems that when they first met, they were both rather far down on the "down-on-their-luck" ladder here in Sin City...she had just got canned from being a "cigarette" girl at Creaser's Place which seemed in some little way(s) a blessing as there was no salary just tips selling illegal reservation cigs (no tax stamps) and





{Six months later in a dive bar just outside of Barstow}

she told me in great detail about how she had to live always ten buck short on her monthly bills not because there was any shortage of homeless and hustlers looking for a cheap smoke but rather it mostly was due with the fact that her territory (which she paid for with the last of her savings) was at Caesars and seems that the rent-a-cops over there were more than a little uptight with the company's very strict "no smoking" policy on the property (including deep in the dark labyrinth of the parking garages).

Her story of love, betrayal and hopefully a tad of redemption in some form of a reward for helping went way past the "Grand Slammer" and well into the need to be ordering lunch (from the looks that the waiter was giving us) but, it was turning into a very interesting story and I had less-and-less reason to question her story the further we waded out into the details.

She said that he was "a great, good-looking, hunk of





{Six months later in a dive bar just outside of Barstow}

man who made my heart flutter with even the slightest glance." She had thought that he looked to be in his middle-thirties at worst "but...his eyes looked like my grand dads and you could see that he had a power to look deep into a person's soul and disarm any mistrust that you might have with him..."

She did think that he was a bit odd but "Hey! this is Vegas...and...we all are a bit off to live here..."

"Don't ya think?" I nodded that I agreed.

I asked how and she told me the story of how she met him for the first time. She and her (former) boyfriend had stopped into this little strip mall casino on the Road to Henderson (the one across from where the old K-Mart used to be) to sneak into the \$1.95 Lunch Buffet and play the nickel slots.

Just as they tried to sneak into the buffet line with a swage of Japanese Tourists (who seemed to have spent



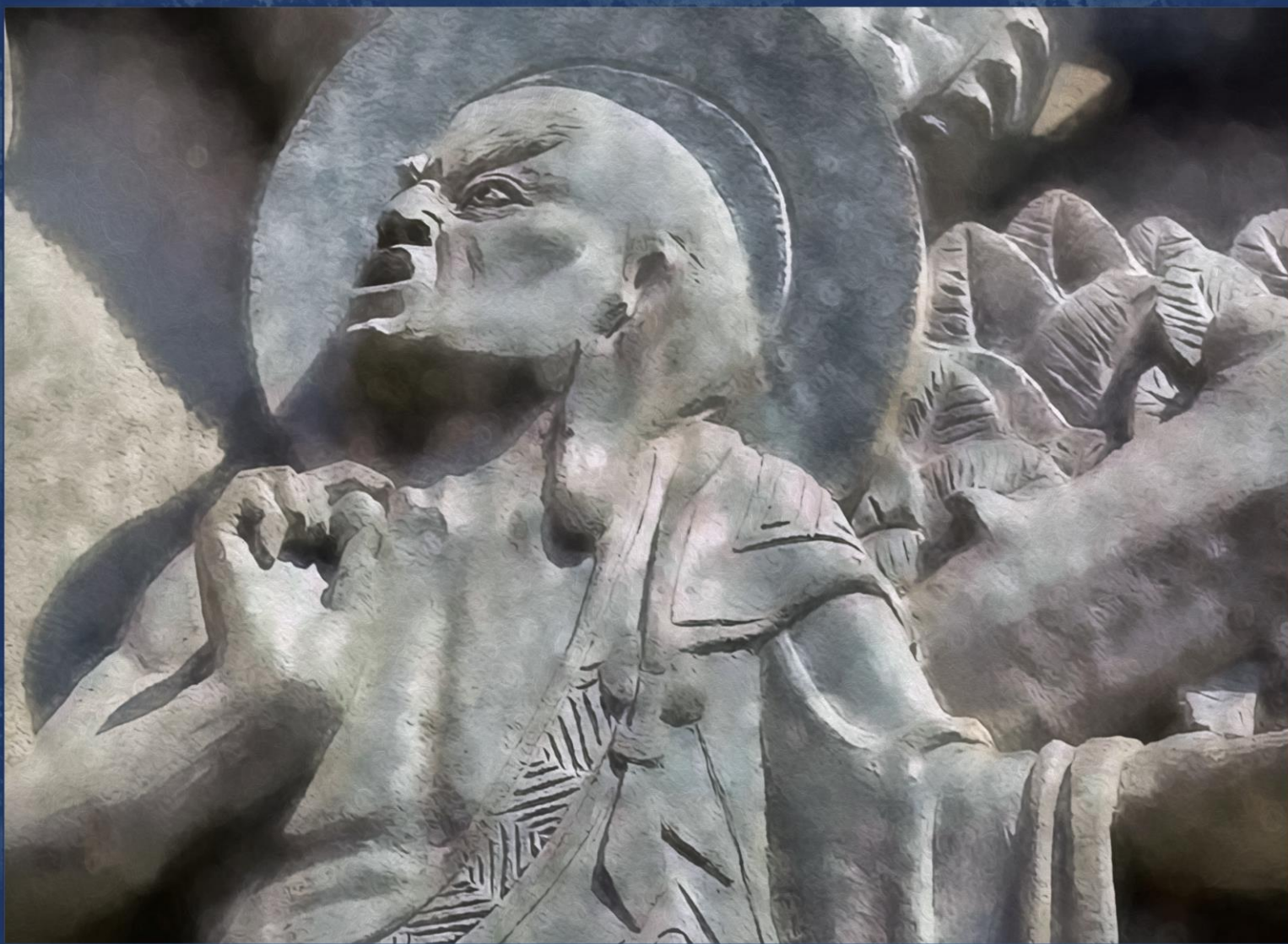


{Six months later in a dive bar just outside of Barstow}

the morning sunbathing at Lake Mead as that was the core of their conversation in somewhat broken English) Group when Uriel stopped them cold in their tracks.

Seems (she said she learned later) that this cute guy had some kind of secret Jedi Mind Control thing going for him and she laughed "the next thing, I remember... we were thanking him for allowing us to buy the \$49.50 (each) High Roller's "El Presidente" Breakfast Meal and...You had to see this...like...we were thanking him...thanking him like he had given us a FREE meal...I still don't really understand how this really went down or that my deadbeat (former) boyfriend had that kind of cash in his pocket???"

"A couple of weeks later, I was sitting at the bus stop (the one over by the Harley Davidson Café) when he rode up on some really neat looking, old English Motorcycle and asked if I need a lift..." she said with a half-smile and you could sense that she was even less



{Six months later in a dive bar just outside of Barstow}

clear headed in remember many details of what she swears was just a strange, chance meeting.

"You think that he was using his Jedi Skills on you...back then?"

She just looked up from the lunch menu with a sense of puzzlement which I wasn't sure was an answer to my question or that she was confused as what to order for lunch and after a pregnant pause, she told the waiter that she would have the "Patty-Melt Combo" Special... The waiter looked over to me and I nodded that was OK and then added "That sounds good! I'll take one, too."

Returning to my question about him using his Jedi Mind Control on her...she shrugged and said: "I just don't know...I just figured that he had a thing for me...as I was rather good looking back in those days...I really was! That is why I had some problems with a couple of real creepy stalkers back then, too!"





{Six months later in a dive bar just outside of Barstow}

"So, you thought he might be stalking you?"

Sternly she took my uninformed mind and tried to school me that "Any young gal will know what I am saying in that you can never be too sure with all those crazy horror movies they make these days."

As it was getting toward the need to greet a new waiter who might be wondering if we were gonna be ordering dinner; I brought the conversation to an end by saying that I had to be downtown to meet my girlfriend (I think she could tell I was lying especially about the fact that I might have a real girlfriend) and we got to the location...the address (kind of...sort of) she knew because that is where the State of California had served him papers about his lack of child support for their awfully big, angry and hungry son of his.

This is what gave me cause to be in Barstow, here today. "Hey Buddy! Can I do another round down here...THANKS!"









ONE MONTH LATER...

It has taken the largest part of a month to jump through the screening hoops to get to the Archangel and here I am about 50 miles from nowhere out in a very undisclosed location not that far away from downtown Barstow and the little dive bar where I original met the dude that Jackie had told me to meet.

He was a hundred-years-old if he was a day, a dirt-caked vision of an old west prospector on a supply run after a month out in the desert. He drank like one too as it was soon made clear to me that all refreshments were on my tab...

I hope...NO! I pray that the WWWG Credit Card is still working after my run-in with that old, cranky manager at the local Hotel 8 over some nonsense about who was gonna pay for the TV that (accidentally) fell from the balcony and into the pool. (why does it seem that





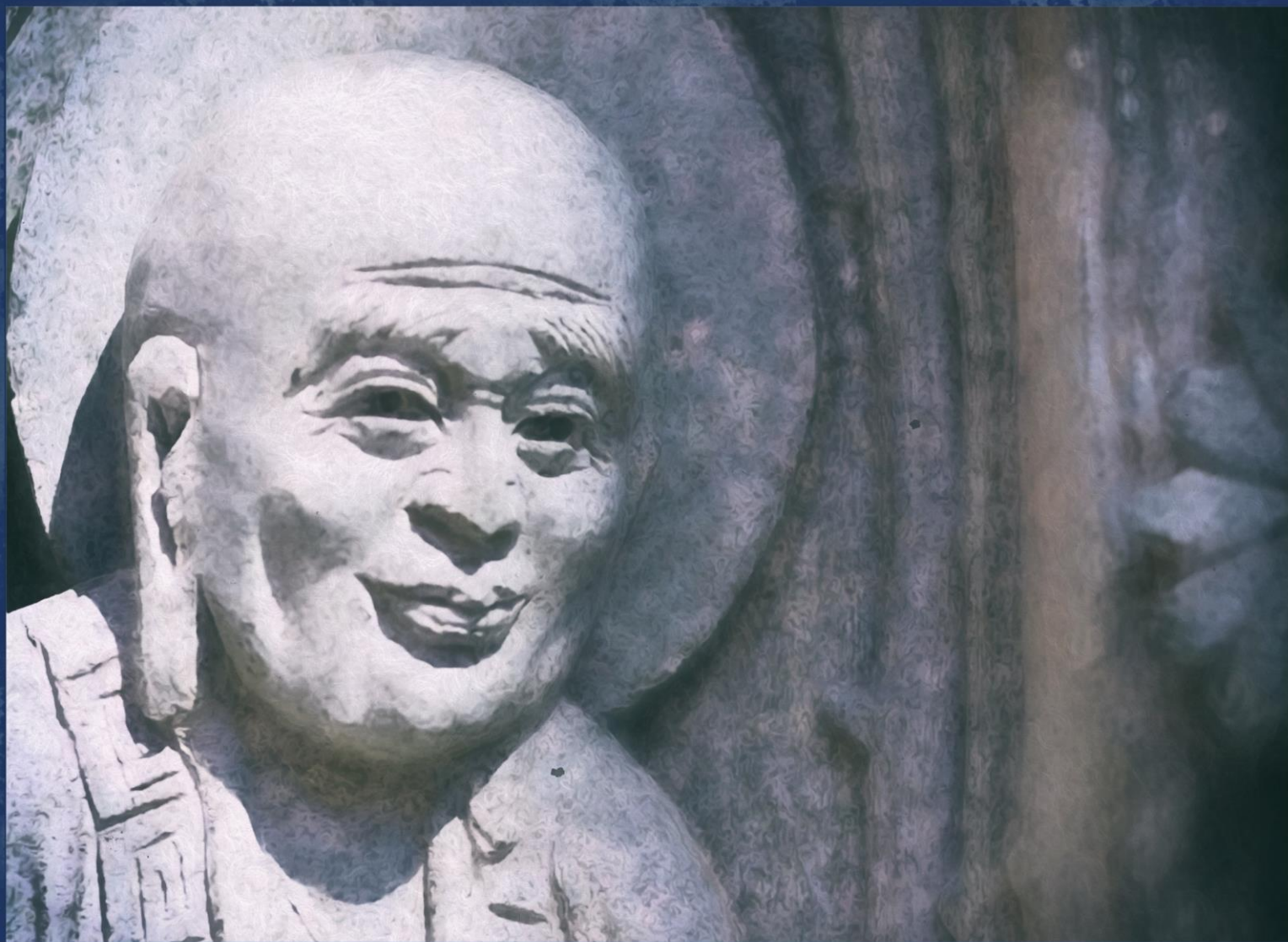
ONE MONTH LATER...

everyone here in Barstow is either old or cranky and from what I have discover...they seem both?)

The cops showed up, took a look around and said (as they took me aside and kindly explained to me - thank goodness for body cams!) that I was extremely lucky that no one was in the pool or they would have already hauled "my butt" into their world-famous drunk tank as they explained that the extension cord that I had bought over at the Home Depot was the 200ft version and that the TV was still plugged in as it bounced off the pool's cool deck and then splashed into the "refreshing clear, cool water of the pool" (I added that part from the hotel's ad on Agoodia but it really meant that the pool's heater was busted).

Seeing that it was more a civil matter (that should lower my social credit score by at least another 10,000 points) than criminal and seeing that the TV was worth





ONE MONTH LATER...

less than \$900 (USD) then it was NOT even worth writing a ticket as their local DA was far too busy working with those FBI Men from LA who were looking into some local parents that the school board had called them about...something about them being WS (even though they were Latino) Domestic Terrorists; they waved me back into my room and said their apologies to the hotel's manager before driving off towards the station.

"less than \$900 (USD)?"

Uh...so if I walk into the Walmart out on the highway...I can go get a new TV tonight...no cost, right?

The guest from the next room (a business lady working as a traveling sales rep for a pharma company) tried to explain that isn't how it really worked because with inflation even candy bars seemed to cost \$900.







ONE MONTH LATER...

She paused seeing that I was very much a stranger in this strange land then she asked about my vaccine statues...did I need a jab or two...seemed that she had a few left over samples in her room's mini-fridge.

"What a deal!" I said...

I could see that I had confused her and she wasn't sure if I was talking still about the TV (on a response delay...like on her zoom calls) or if I wanted to get a jab from her in the comfort of her room...

Well! She did still have a TV and that would save me a trip out to the Walmart and how could a few more jabs make that much difference. Besides she was still on the edge of attractiveness despite being at the start of her declining years.

Can I say that?

Too sexist?



ONE MONTH LATER...

For all those polite WOOKIEE stalkers that follow and hang on my every word as (I have been told) that truly believe that I am one of Satan's step-children and have dedicated their uneventful lives to bringing me down...Look...You know! I don't have the heart to tell them about the restraining orders that HELL took out against me...that I have been banished from reincarnation for the next thousand-years or so and that my social credit score is NOW (with this TV caper) hovering down at minus 20,000 social credits...I just ain't got the heart as they are always so exciting and hang on my every word (besides Seine forbid me as it seems that they have been buying my books either to document my crimes against polite WOOKIEE Society or to just outright burn).

Anyway, I told the nice sales rep that I had just got my 15th booster like just yesterday at LAX from that little





ONE MONTH LATER...

guy whose taco van serves as a front for discount vaccines.

Really nice guy and cheap too if you don't get into the weeds about where he got the vaccine or (for that matter) how many times he has reused that needle.

"I have a long day coming up tomorrow...I truly appreciate your most kind offer(s) but, my cousin over in Yuma needs a new TV (they don't have such great deals over there in ZonnieLand) so I have to get over to Walmart before they close...Have a good night!"

Well...the trip to Walmart was a real bust! They were all out of TVs with any screen larger than a 32-inches and if you wanted one of them you had to put your name on a wish list (they have an app or so the clerk said) and they will call you when they are in stock and give us a number code to use when you come over to loot it...





ONE MONTH LATER...

Amazing????

Anyway...Here I am out in the middle of the high desert and looking around, somehow, I am not that surprised that the place has the look of a 1950's Hollywood Set gone to weeds and dust. At the center of the junk yard was an ancient Airstream Trailer which must have been top-of-the-line back in the day but, now was just a ratty, piece of rusting junk with an equally ancient Triumph Bobber resting from the nearly dead tree that tried its best to shade the trailer's front porch.

Somehow, this seems like as far from the graceful, mansion-lined streets of gold that once served as the backdrop for the Archangel's eerily incarnation as a powerful powerbroker, a wheeler-dealer and darling of the Heavenly Host...here in the worst of one of the worse ratholes in a rathole desert seemed like an unlikely place to find the Archangel Uriel. Go Figure?





ONE MONTH LATER...

Well...Maybe NOT!

Remember King Farouk?

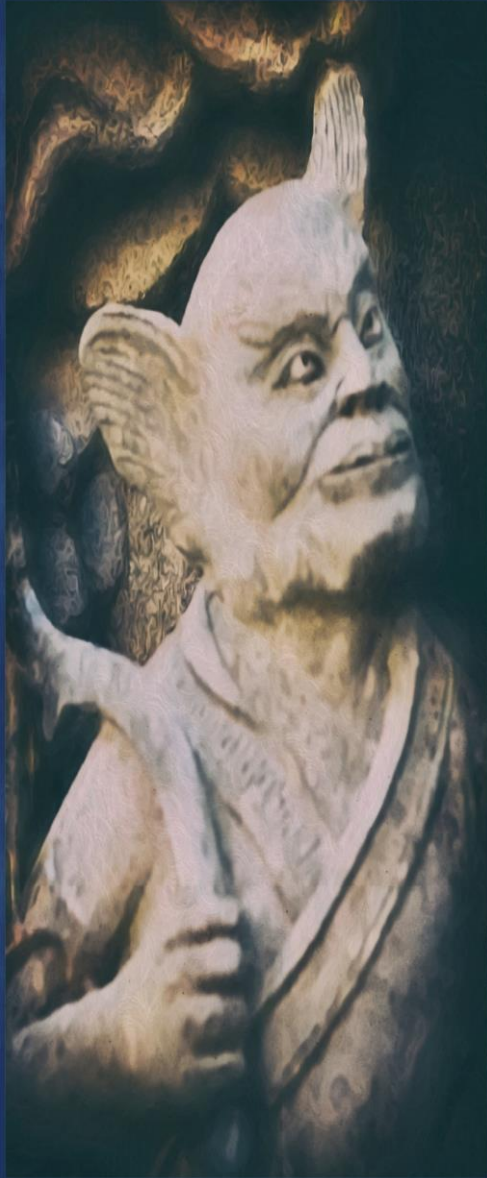
Remember how he lived in a cold water flat and made a living off recycling cans from the beaches of the Grand Riviera once the money ran out?

People or for that matter, Archangels must do what they can to survive. What can I say?

Remember how we talked about reverse repentance? Standing here, it is now most clear that this concept was closer to the actual truth than I had dared believe.

The main question was why?

This was a Archangel. He was at the top of the food chain and moving upwards and then BLAM! He is gone. He disappeared without a trace and (from what Jackie







ONE MONTH LATER...

had told me) has been living a most universalist life for going on several decades or so.

Again WHY?

Did he get tired?

Was there some scandal?

Some misdeed?

Some unknown CANCELATION by the WOOKIEE Heavenly Host?

Had he become a rouge angel?

Did he turn to the Dark Side?

Maybe, he will tell me.

Maybe, he might not even be here and this will turn out to be some grand scam that has wasted so much of my time and a undisclosed expense from a WWWG





ONE MONTH LATER...

Credit Card that Mister Chuckie's Socialist Accountant thugs forgot to cancel. This was truth time...I would soon know...

Ten feet and change from the front door...

I hesitate...

I stopped dead my tracks and fought the urge to get back in the rental SUV, head back to LAX and forget this mad grail search for some Archangel that freely abandoned all of humankind as he had Jackie and his big, hungry kid back in Vegas.

Eight feet and change is all that stood between me and all of the truths that I have sought for almost a year now.

Did I really want to know?













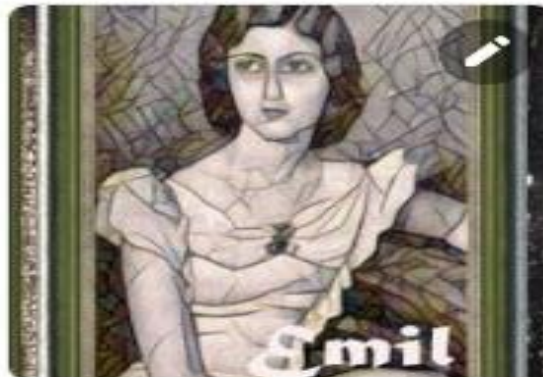
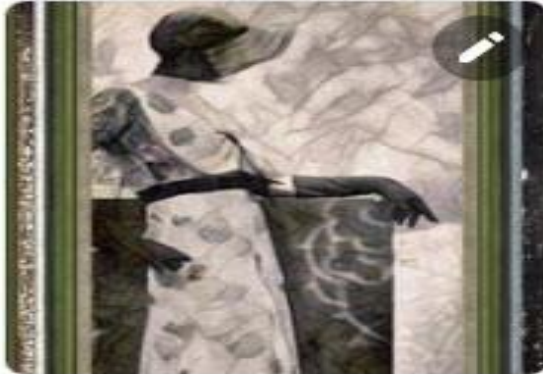


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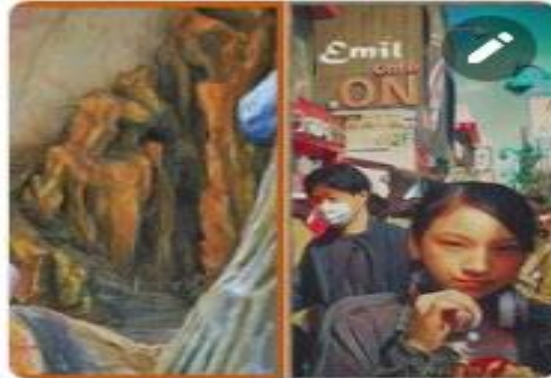
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